

HAWKY's GARLAND:

Composed of several choice

New Songs.

- I. Drive *Hawky* through the Water.
- II. *Tommy Lamb's* Cure for a drunken Wife.
- III. *Colin* and *Griffy* parting.
- IV. The Rakes of *Malo*.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.



HAWKY's GARLAND, &c.



Drive HAWKY through the Water.

HAWKY was a little Cow,
 She was loath to wide the Water;
 Since that Things can be no better,
 Drive Hawky through the Water,
 Kaw Hawky, drive Hawky thro' the Water,

Hawky was a pretty Cow,
 All the Children does adore her,
 For she gives them all the Milk,
 Three's none they prize before her,
 Kaw Hawky, &c.

My Love promis'd me a Pint of Wine,
 She paid me with a pint of Water,
 But I play'd her as good a Trick,
 I made her Shoes of rotten Leather,
 Kaw Hawky, &c.

One shall go to make the Bed,
 Two and two shall lie together,

And

And if there is not Room enough,
 One shall lie upon another,
 Kaw Hawky, &c,

The Winter Nights are very long,
 Young Men and Maids must go a courting,
 When they go to Bed at Night,
 Then comes on the Venus sporting,
 Kaw Hawky, &c.

Girls be not too nice nor Coy,
 There is few or none that will refuse it;
 They will crown your Days with Joy,
 And will shew you how to use it,
 Kaw Hawky, &c.

Now young Maids my Council take,
 Since that it can be no better,
 Take your Hawky to the Bull,
 And drive Hawky through the Water,
 Kaw Hawky, drive Hawky thro' the Water.



Tommy Lamb's Cure for a drunken Wife,

THere liv'd a Wife in our Gate end,
 She lov'd a Drap of Capie O;
 And all the Gear that e'er she got,
 She slip'd it in her Gabie O.

Upo

Upon a frosty Winter's Night,
 The Wife had got a Drapie O,
 And she had pish'd her Coats so well,
 She could not find the Pattie O.

But she's away to her Goodman,
 They call'd him Tammy Lambie O,
 Go ben and fetch to me the Cave,
 That I may get a Drammi: O.

Tammy was an honest Man,
 Himself he took a Drapie O,
 It was not well out o'er his Craig,
 Till he was on his Tappie O.

She paid him well both Back and Sides,
 And fair she creesh'd his Backie O;
 She made him both blue and black,
 And gar'd his Shoulders crackie O.

Then he's away to the Malt-barn,
 And he has ta'en a Packie O;
 He put her in both Head and Tail,
 And cast her o'er his Backie O.

The Carling spur wi' Head and Feet,
 The Carle she was aukie O;
 To ilka Wall that he came by,
 He gar'd her Head play knackie O.

Good

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
 My Brains you out will knockie O;
 He gi'ed her ay the other Hitch,
 Lie still you Devil's Buckie O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my Burn,
 O let me out good Tammy O;
 Then he fet her upon a Stone,
 And bad her pish a Dammie O.

Then Tammy took her off the Stone,
 And put her in the Pockie O;
 And when she did begin to spur,
 He lent her ay a Knockie O.

Away he went to the Mill-dam,
 And there gave her a Duckie O;
 It wou'd ha gar'd you Split your Sides,
 To see him dleep his Pockie O.

But haste he must go back again,
 Alas for poor Luckie O;
 For ilka Chiel that had a Stick,
 Play'd thump upon her Backie O.

And when he took her Home again,
 He did hing up the Pockie O.
 At her Bed-side, as I hear say,
 Upon a little Kaggie O.

That

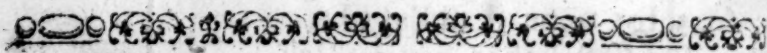
That ilka Day that she uprofe,
 In nothing but her Smockie O;
 So as she look'd o'er the Bed,
 She might behold her the Pockie O.

Now all ye Men, both far and near,
 That have a drunken Toutie O,
 Douk ye your Wives in Time of Year,
 And I'll lend you the Pockie O.

The Wife did live for nineteen Years,
 And fu' frank and couthie O,
 And ever since she got the Douk,
 She never had the Drouthie O.

At last the Carling chanc'd to die,
 And Tammy did her burie O;
 And for the Public's Benefit
 He has gar'd print the Curie O.

And thus he did her Motto make,
 Here lies an honest Luckie O.
 Who never left the Drinking-Trade,
 Until she got a Doukie O



Colling and Grissy parting.

With broken Words and down cast Eye;
 Poor Colin spoke his Passion tender
 And parting with his Grissy, cries,
 Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder.

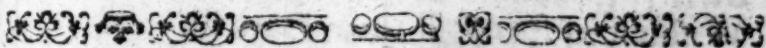
To others I'm as cold as Snow,
 But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
 From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
 It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms I cannot range,
 No Beauty new, my Love shall hinder,
 Nor Time nor Place shall ever change,
 My Vows, tho' were oblig'd to sunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
 And Beauties which invite on Wonder;
 Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
 Still shall be present, tho' we're sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe your Swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
 Then seal your Promise with a Kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we do sunder.

Ye Gods, take Care of my dear Lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her;
 When that blest Time does come to pass,
 We meet again and never sunder.



The Rakes of Malo.

BEauing, belling, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking Windows, damning sinking,
 Always raking, never thinking,
 Live the Rakes at Malo.

Spend-

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating Bawds, Whores and Duns,
Bucchus true begotten Sons,
Live the Rakes at Malo.

Sometimes nought but Claret drinking,
And, like Politicians, thinking,
To rise Money when they're sinking,
Live the Rakes at Malo.

Sometimes flush of Money store,
Then like any Poet poor,
Kissing Queans, and then a Whore,
Live the Rakes at Malo.

When at Home with Daddy dining,
Still for Malo's Water crying,
When good Claret it's a flying,
Live the Rakes at Malo.

Living short but merry Lives,
Going where the D———l dives
Keeping Misses and no Wives,
Raking thus at Malo.

Racking Tenant, Stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly rising,
Wishing to spend all their Days in,
Raking thus at Malo.

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Now to end a raking Life,
We'll live sober, take a Wife,
Ever after live in Strife,
Wish again for Malo.
F I N I S.